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EULOGIUM,

ON

COL. WILLIAM A. TRIMBLE,

DELIVERED

BY JAMES HAMILTON, ESQ.

FEBRUARY 2d, 1822,

BEFORE THE

UNION PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

OF

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Published by order of the Society.

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1822.

PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS.

IN SENATE.

Thursday, December 13, 1821.

• “Mr. Ruggles announced the death of the Hon. *William A. Trimble*, a Senator from Ohio.

Whereupon,

“On motion of Mr. Talbot, it was ordered, that a committee be appointed to superintend the Funeral; And Messrs. Barbour, Talbot, Thomas, Lowrie and Noble, were appointed.

“On motion of Mr. Talbot, the Senate resolved to put on mourning for thirty days, for the loss of their late member—and

“On Motion of Mr. Barbour, the Senate then adjourned,”

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

“After prayers had been offered, by the Rev. Mr. Ryland, the Journal of yesterday was read, when a message was received from the Senate, announcing the decease of the Honorable *William A. Trimble*, late a member of that body, from the State of Ohio.

“Mr. Campbell of Ohio, moved to dispense with the order of business in this House, which was agreed to.

“On motion of Mr. Campbell, it was further

“Resolved unanimously, That this House will attend the Funeral of the Honorable *William A. Trimble*, late a member of the Senate, from the State of Ohio, to-morrow at 12 o'clock, and as a testimony of respect for the memory of the deceased, will go into mourning, and wear crape for thirty days.

“On motion of Mr. Edwards, the House then adjourned.

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FUNERAL OF COLONEL TRIMBLE.

At half past ten o'clock, the Committee of Arrangement, Pall Bearers, Mourners, and Marine Corps, attended at Mrs. Peyton's Boarding House, the late residence of the deceased, and the corpse was removed, in charge of the Committee of Arrangement, thence to the Senate Chamber. On arriving there it was deposited in the body of the Chamber, the Senate occupying their seats, and the President of the Senate in the chair. Soon after which, the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES came in, attended by their Speaker and Clerk, the former of whom was invited to a seat by the side of the President. An impressive exhortation was then pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Ryland, who availed himself of the occasion, strongly to inculcate the necessity of preparation, whilst in health, for that end to which all must sooner or later come, and for the hereafter, which is beyond it. He concluded by prayer, in which all present joined.

After this, the Funeral Procession moved from the Capitol, headed by the Marine Corps, commanded by Colonel Henderson, with reversed arms, and solemn music. The pall bearers were Mr. Johnson of Kentucky, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Williams of Ten. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Benton, and Mr. Stokes. The surviving Senator, and the Representatives from the State of Ohio, were the mourners; and most of the members of both Houses, besides the Secretaries of State and of War, and other public Officers joined in the train.

RESOLUTION
OF THE
UNION PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,
OF
DICKINSON COLLEGE.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1832.

Resolved Unanimously,

WHEREAS, the Union Philosophical Society of Dickinson College, deeply laments the premature death of its distinguished member, Colonel *William A. Trimble*, late a Senator of the United States, from the State of Ohio, and is desirous of testifying its respect for his memory :

Therefore,

Resolved, That Mr. James Hamilton, H. M. of the Union Philosophical Society, be requested to deliver an EULOGIUM on the deceased, at the meeting of this Society, in Dickinson College, on the first Saturday of February next, when and where the Honorary members are invited to attend.

EULOGIUM.

FELLOW MEMBERS,

THAT vivifying influence, which unites us as a band of brothers, in the bonds of union which neither time nor place can destroy, has assembled us this evening to pay the last parting tribute of respect to the memory of a fellow member, a virtuous citizen, and a brave soldier. That it may not be said a son of Columbia, a member of the Union Philosophical Society, who has served his country with distinction, during the late war, and filled with becoming dignity, the important station of Senator of the United States, has sunk into the silent tomb, without one grateful acknowledgment for the services he has rendered, or an honorable mention of his short, but bright career! No! While love of country animates an American bosom—while the precepts of our fathers are cherished and respected—while the ties of friendship unite us as *Unions*—virtue will be revered, and Patriotism Honored, and

“As the tide of ages roll away,

“Shall charm the world unconscious of decay.”

The song of the Poet, and the page of the Historian, have commemorated the triumphs of an Alexander, the conquests of a Cæsar, and the power of a Bonaparte; and the storied column, the glowing canvass, and sculptured marble, will hand their exploits down to ages yet to come, and nations yet unborn; not as the benefactors of mankind, but rather as the destroyers of the human race. Their laurels have

been stained in the blood of thousands—their footsteps marked by the ruin of nations, and their names emblazoned in the annals of Fame, by the fiery pen of Desolation !

It is only where bravery is tempered by virtue—where the achievements of the warrior are the offspring of patriotism—where the deeds of the Hero are in defence of the oppressed, or in the cause of liberty, that the object becomes not only worthy of a crown of immortality, but of the love & veneration of an admiring posterity.

The deeds of the Patriot, are engraved on the hearts of his countrymen—his name embalmed in the affections of his fellow citizens, and his monument reared in a nations love, a nations tears, and a nations gratitude ! He, slew not for the sake of slaying—he, laid not waste, for the pleasure of destroying—he, carried not the desolating torch to the peaceful hamlet, in the hope that its ruin would add one gem more to his wreath of glory—he, counted not the number of his victories as the measure of his fame, nor the Countries he had depopulated as the extent of his renown—His pride was, to be useful to his country—his hope, to contribute to her prosperity—

“ His Talisman the sword—his spell word Liberty.”

He stood as a rock on the plain, in the way of the invader—“ He was a storm in war, but mild when the foe was low—his arm was stretched forth to the unhappy—the lightning of his sword was round the weak.” His counsel, his actions, his strenuous exertions had but one object, one direction, the welfare of his fellow men, the happiness of his fellow citizens. Such was our Washington—such our Franklin. Let Time do her utmost, let the tide of emigration pass the rocky barriers of the west—let

states “unborn, and accents yet unknown,” rise throughout our boundless forests—let the sails of commerce enliven the rolling waves of the river Columbia—and let gilded spires and domes designate the proud depots of wealth, on the shores of the Pacific, yet will *these names* be cherished with gratitude, and their virtues shine through the lapse of time, as the rising sun breaks through the clouds of the morning! Nor will the memory of Pike, Covington, Lawrence, Burrows or Trimble, be forgotten or neglected. Brave men! “The last libation Liberty drew,” was from your hearts, which “Bled and broke in her cause!” Cold is the bosom, which does not glow, at the mention of your names; and hard is the heart, which does not sympathize with your untimely fate!

The late Col. William Allen Trimble, was born in Woodford county, Kentucky, on the 4th of April, 1786. His parents were both Virginians, & were among the earliest settlers of that country. He received his education at Transylvania University, the seat of our sister society, and which then gave a promise of that literary eminence, which it has since attained. After he had completed his studies at College, he turned his attention to the profession of the Law, a pursuit well calculated to elicit genius, and pave the way to the honours of his country. In these studies he spent some time at Litchfield, Con. and acquired a knowledge of the leading features of our Republican system; in which, beauty of symmetry and grandeur of design, alike characterize the temple of Liberty! Where the states of our confederation, like the planets of our system, move round one common centre, in perfect harmony, and tuned to the common good! Where all power is inherent in the people, emanates from them, and after revolving in its sphere, returns to the

source from whence it sprung. Where the majesty of the laws defines the rights, and protects the property of every individual. It was in these studies, so well calculated to expand the mind, and prepare it for future usefulness, Col. Trimble spent the first year after his return to Ohio, and admittance to the bar. His prospects as a lawyer were bright and flattering. At this period, the aggressions of foreign potentates, compelled our country to the last resort of injured nations. We reluctantly unsheathed the sword, and unfurled the banner of war! It was a trying time, and likely to test the stability of our Republican Institutions; our vessel of state had hitherto floated on a calm and tranquil sea, only impeded by the little ripples of party politics; but now the red and dusky clouds of war blackened our horizon, and our ship was to encounter the raging billows of a stormy sea. Some of our best and wisest men feared the result. Many doubted, whether our national government was vested with those powers & resources, necessary to preserve the bond of our Union unbroken, & carry us successfully thro' a contest, with one of the most powerful nations of Europe: A nation, whose arms had triumphed in the most distant portions of the Globe, and whose Meteor Flag, according to her poets boastful Song, had stood a thousand years, "the battle and the breeze" An appeal was made to American patriotism—nor was the appeal in vain. Military science became the study of the day—our regular army was increased—our fortifications repaired, and our brave youth eagerly enrolled themselves under the Star Spangled Banner, anxious to support the rights, and maintain the honour of our rising Republic!

The late Col. Wm. A. Trimble took a lead in thus early devoting himself to the service of his country! With the rank of Major, & at the head of

the 2d battalion of Ohio Volunteers, he hastened to the scene of action, eager to prove his devotion in the cause of Liberty, and earn the crown of laurel, the reward of the victor. But how short sighted is man, while he gazes on the varied hues of the rainbow, it fades before his sight! When he would clasp the bright visions of the morning, they melt into liquid air!—So proved the flattering dreams of our youthful soldier. His hopes, and those of many a brave man, were blighted in the bud, by the cowardice of his general. Would that I could draw the curtains of darkness around events, which disgrace the page of our history, “That oblivious endless night, with thickest shades, might veil them from our sight.”

A gallant little band of Volunteers, who had followed Hull, encountering every peril and privation, through a long march in the desert wild, were surrendered up, without a struggle!—a brave little army, who had been drawn out in martial array, and stood ready with the matches in their hands, to give the enemy a deadly reception, were ordered by their commander to stack their arms, and consider themselves prisoners of war! The mortification and rage of our troops—the disappointment of the nation—may more readily be conceived than expressed! It was some time before Major Trimble was exchanged, and he, in the mean time, closely and diligently pursued the acquisition of military knowledge, so essential to distinction in the army or navy. But his ardent spirit could not remain inactive.—His parole of honor, forbade not his taking the field against the hostile Indian tribes, who infest our frontier, and he embraced the opportunity of marching under his brother, Col. Allen Trimble, against the Pottowaumie villages, in which expedition, with

the rank of adjutant, he proved himself an active and efficient officer.

He received, without solicitation, the commission of major, in the 26th Regiment, United States Infantry, and hastened, as soon as exchanged, to our northern frontier, the scene of war, again to try his fortune in the field of Mars !

The battles of Chippawa and Niagara, had revived the hopes of the nation, and infused new confidence into our troops ; but Gen. Drummond advanced to the assault of Fort Erie, (at the head of five thousand men) burning to retrieve the honor of the Red Flag, and by some signal achievement revive the drooping spirits of his beaten troops. Gen. Gaines commanded at that post, whose new and badly constructed fortifications, afforded but little prospect of a successful defence, except in the bravery and gallantry of the garrison.

A cannonade was opened from the enemies batteries, on the 7th of August, and its increased activity, on the night of the 14th, convinced the garrison of an immediate assault. As the British advanced, a shell exploded some cartridges, within the American works, and the enemy believing it to be the great magazine of the Fort, raised the cry of victory : but they were soon convinced of their mistake, by a shout of defiance, and the peal of our great guns ! The British assaulted in three columns. The first was received with a shower of grape from Col. Towson and his brave Artillery, which compelled them to retreat with heavy loss. The second met a similar reception, and discomfiture from the gallant New-York and Pennsylvania volunteers : But the third, commanded by Col. Drummond in person, and composed of 800 select men, was not so easily defeated. Maj. Trimble with his Battalion of Infantry, supported by Major Hindman's Artil-

lery, was posted in the Fort, to receive them. Twice they advanced with determined courage, and twice they were driven back, with dreadful carnage! The darkness of the night was increased by the thick volumes of rolling smoke, and only occasionally illuminated, by flashes of the musketry, and the fiery volumes that issued from the cannons mouth. Enveloped in this shroud of darkness, the foe moved round the ditch, and made a third attempt, mounting the parapet with scaling ladders, and bayoneting our brave Artillerists, they succeeded in making a lodgment in the bastion. Every foot was disputed—every inch contested. It was at this time, the inhuman order of Col. Drummond, “To give no quarter,” was distinctly heard, amidst the shouts of the warriors, the cries of the wounded, and the roar of the Artillery! At length a dreadful explosion, like the thunder of Heaven, shook the earth, rent the bastion to its centre, and hurled part of it and its combatants in one fiery whirlwind into the air!

The British thus repulsed, with a loss of nearly one thousand men, made preparations for a long and persevering siege but in this they were baffled by the memorable sortie of the 17th of September, in which our late worthy member, Col. (then Major) Trimble’s conduct is noticed by the commander in chief, as worthy of applause.

Gen. Brown, who had recovered from his wounds, and returned to the command, planned the destruction of the enemies cannon and batteries, on the preservation of which the success of the siege depended.

Gen. Porter, with his volunteers by an able march through the wood, first assaulted the enemy on the right flank; while two columns under Gen. Miller, and Col. Aspinwall (under whom Major Trimble marched) stormed the enemies batteries in

front ; the fight was desperately maintained by the British regulars, who were unwilling again to yield the laurels of Talavera, to the soldiers of our Republic. Col. Aspinwall in assailing the first line lost his arm by a cannon ball, and the command devolved on Major Trimble, who, at the head of his troops gallantly rushed forward, and sword in hand, carried the enemies battery, No. 2, and spiked their cannon. Not content with this achievement he pursued the retreating foe, who being reinforced, renewed the fight with desperate valour. Maj. Trimble maintained his ground, against deadly odds. Bayonet was interlocked with bayonet—and man with man ! “ Steel clanging rang on steel—Blood burst and smoked around ! ” Death in a hundred hideous forms, stalked triumphant, o’er the field, and laid her cold and icy hand on many a brave and gallant man ! Col. Gibson, Gen. Davis, and Col. Wood, fell like heroes at the head of their columns, and Major Trimble, while animating his men by words and actions, to deeds of gallantry, was shot through the body—He fell, weltering in his gore !

Victory crowned our arms ! The batteries were successfully stormed—The objects of the sortie fully attained. But the triumph was dearly bought, since it cost us so many precious and valuable lives.

For a long time it was doubtful whether Major Trimble would ever again leave his couch, and when able to rise, he was honoured with a Brevet commission of Colonel. But peace was soon after ratified, and all warlike operations ceased. It was in 1816, this society grateful to the brave defenders of their countries rights, and desirous of manifesting its esteem, for worth, talents, and virtue, embraced the opportunity of Col. Trimble’s passing through this place, to elect him an honorary

member, and initiate him into our mystic rites. Nor was his native state, forgetful of his services. She elected him to one of the highest offices within her gift ; her representative, in the Senate of the Union. By this selection Ohio proved her discernment of true worth, and refuted the charge that Republics are always ungrateful. By such policy, she must rapidly progress to that eminence she is destined to attain, in our national confederation. May her star soon shine conspicuous in the constellation of the Union—May her greatness grow with her increasing population—May the chain of our friendship remain bright and unsullied through ages—and may she long have such sons as Trimble to send forth, whom not only his native state but our great Republic delights to honor!

In the Senate Col. Trimble supported the character he had sustained in the army—maintaining the rights of his own state, and advancing the prosperity of our common country. But the hand of death was upon him. The blast of war had passed over him & blighted his fair flower, which drooped its head and shed its leaves to every wind ! The wound he had received at Erie, like a slow poison, consumed the springs of life, and he sunk into the grave as the flickering beam deprived of its oil, gives one parting flash, and is forever hid in the shades of night ! It is thus Trimble thy sun has set ! The exploits of the Chieftain—the abilities of the Statesman—the charities which dignify and adorn private life, alike contributed in rendering thee an ornament to society, and an useful member to thy country ! It was thy good fortune, by a dignified deportment, by a correct and undeviating course, by mild and affable manners, to disarm that foul fiend detraction, and afford no pretext for the pestilential breath of calumny to assail, or any hold, on which envy could fasten her envenomed tooth.

He possessed

“ That pleasing happy art,

“ Which wins our love, and steals upon the heart.”

Such fellow Unions, was your late distinguished, but now departed member.—Such was Colonel Wm. A. Trimble, for whose premature death the Congress of your Country has testified its respect, and to whose memory the Union Philosophical Society, has this day given a public testimonial of esteem for his virtues. Rest, honoured Warrior, rest ! Hallowed be the spot where thy ashes repose, and green be the turf which cloathes thy grave !

“ The winter shall pass and the spring flowers bloom,

By the banks and the groves of his own native river ;

Weep parent of Trimble ! He ne’er shall return !

By the wave of Potomac, he’s sleeping forever.

“ But he sleeps with the great ; and sweet be his sleep,

And hush’d be the requiem of sorrow !

His star has gone down, like the sun hid in storms,

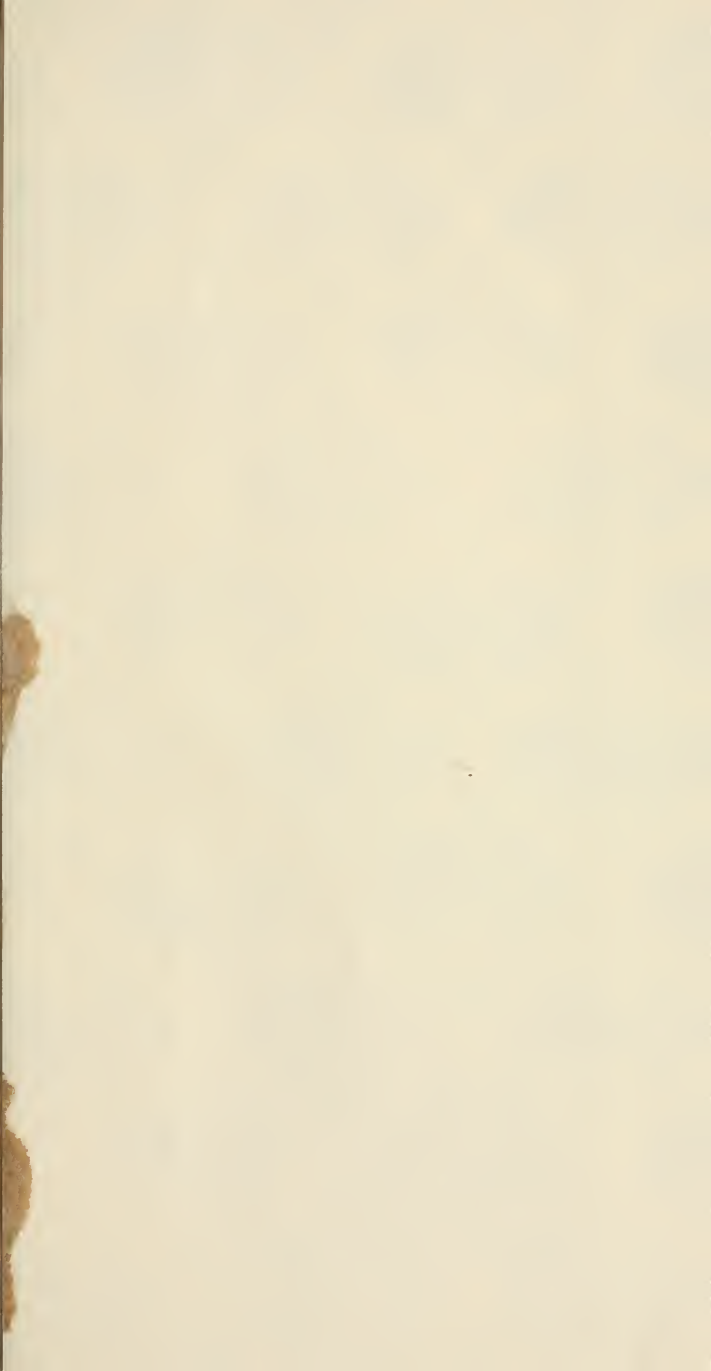
To arise in new glory to-morrow.”

Yes ! he has ascended from the great council of our nation, to the assemblage of Saints and Angels—He has exchanged his membership in this association, for the society of the blessed in heaven ! And if aught can console maternal affliction, if aught can soothe the sorrows of thy remaining brothers, it is, that thou hast died in the cradle of the nation, in the arms of the people, for the safety of thy country !

Unions ! let the streak of light he has left behind him, guide you, in the course you have yet to run ! Let his example be a pillar of fire to direct your steps through the walks of life ! To you, fellow members, whose collegiate course is yet before you, let it be an inducement to spare no exertion to

store your minds with the treasures of knowledge, while within these walls—to establish a character for morality, for correctness, for learning, that when you go forth on the theatre of life, you may be an honor to your country, the pride of the Union Philosophical society, and a blessing to all around you. To you honorary members, who have already embarked in Professional avocations, no remark is necessary, your maturer judgments, and a laudable ambition, will urge you on, where honor points the way. May your efforts be crowned with success! May your path be bright like 'Trimble's—and may the sweet consolation of a life well spent, soothe your declining years, and like the mellow tints of evening when the setting sun is bright, sweeten the close of your departing day! Various pursuits may separate us—death will part us; But there is a DAY—a great and awful day, when we shall meet again! When, the great Archangel, shall shake the creation—Tear the strong pillars of the vault of Heaven—break up old marble, and summon the Tenants of the tombs, to join assembled worlds! May we, on THAT DAY, hail the fellow member, whose death we now deplore, arrayed in light, and robed in glory! may we be able to say with him, we thank thee, O God, that we have endeavoured to discharge our duty while on earth—that we have lived to be of service to our fellow men—to be USEFUL to our beloved country!







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